WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE," 'TWAS IN DHROLL DONEGAL," ETC. (Copyright, 1900, by Seumas MacManus,)

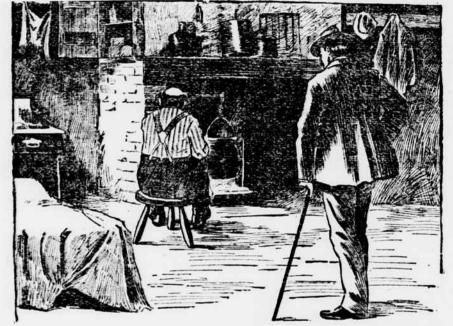
Connal Brogan had been a kind father, seven years past since he last saw the Lazy to Micky ever, and a loving one, in the Bush, he reflected—seven years past since endeavor to give "poor Micky poor boy." he, high-hearted with hope and happy with endeavor to give "poor Micky, poor boy,"

the benefit of a schooling with Master Mc-Donagh of Arditoal, Connal did both his own share to work on the little farm, and also the greater part of the share that should fall to wee Micky. "The larnin'," he said, 'Il niver be a burden to Micky-it's alsy carried. I haven't much to give the poor boy (thanks be to God for all his marcies). but I can sthrive to let him have the bit iv larnin', anyhow, though I niver got it meself." And accordingly-except in the very throng of ware and harvest-Micky was only asked to go to the field on Saturdays and on the evenings of schooldays. And when Micky grew up and looked about him, and saw that a young man's ambitions were not likely to be satisfied in poor Ireland, he said, "With God's help, father, I land, he said, "With God's help, father, I think I'll push out to Ameriky an' thry me fortune there." His father said, sady, "Micky, don't laive me." But Micky, don't laive me." But Micky, father, what is there for a poor boy in Irelan'? What but hunger and hardships?" "Indeed, an' troth ye say thrue, Micky, mo paisdin," said his father, "but it'll put hard upon me to have ye laive me." "Arrah, father," Micky said, in a tone that affected a courage which his heart did not feel, "don't talk that way. Sure if I go till said, Micky, if you inger you're lost. He "don't talk that way. Sure if I go till Ameriky for a couple i' years, sure it isn't goin' out i' the wurrul' I am. Don't think. father dear, that bekase I put a few miles i' say atween us I'll forget ye." "No, no, no, I den't think it at all, at all! I don't dhraim iv such a thing, Micky," his father , father; but I'll be fit to do somethin

he, high-hearted with hope and happy with his father's parting blessing, had tripped by this bush. He remembered how full of dreams his heart was that morning. The picture of his innocent self, bright and buoyant, stepping out briskly, with head high in air, that day, and a band of comrades convoying him on his way, stood out before his eyes now with a saddening distinctness. And he remembered well saying to his convoy, as they trotted cheerlly on, "Boys, the day Micky Brogan comes back, a Yankee, will be a big day for Inver. It's me'll make will be a big day for Inver. It's me'll make the money spin, or I'll give yez wan gay night, anyhow."

And, remembering this, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out both the contents and the pocket itself. There was a two-shilling piece, a sixpenny and four pen-

"An' the clothes on me back," he said, then, "but pitiful wans enough for a comehome Yankee!" which was deplorably true. For the first time since he had set out his in at the window; but his grimmer self said, Micky, if you inger you're lost. He beldly lifted the latch and strode into the room. His father, with now a tinge of gray in his hair which had not been there in Micky's time, was sitting on a low stool smoking and so intently gazing into the blaze on the hearth that Micky's coming in did not rouse him. Micky stood a few moments in the center of the floor, both for yerself an' meself in thon (yon) and then strode up to the fire to his country, when I can't do for aither iv us father's side, when suddenly his father counthry, when I can't do for aither iv us father's side, when suddenly his father in this." Micky's father had to bow his looked up, and then stood up and said,



THE STRANGER SAID THICKLY, "FATHER!"

head, and let his boy go in peace to push both their fortunes. "Father," Micky said both their fortunes. in his young enthuslasm on the morning of his departure. "I'll make a man iv you afore I'm long in Ameriky, an' a man iv meself." "God bliss ye, Micky a-chuisle mo chroidhe! God Almighty bliss ye, an' guard over ye." And Connal Brogan cried salt tears when Micky, his joy and his

n the next letter. But, though the patient, hopeful, loving.

poor father waited seven years looking for that next letter, it never came.

Micky had had a series of misfortunes He did not get work as soon as he expected, and during the period of anxious suspense could not write. He met with evil companions, who induced him to drink and drown thought, and then he would not write. When he got a position he lost it again before he had saved money to send

But though Micky forgot his father, that father let not one waking hour pass in which he did not send long, long thoughts after "poor Micky." He knew not—did not for a moment suspect—what had really happened to Micky. When a boy returned to the parish from America-returned to Ardaghie, Glenainy or Binbanfrom Boston, from Philadelphia, from Texas or Colorado-Connal Brogan spat upon his stick and went to visit the returned Yankee: and from him sought for news of "poor Micky" in Brooklyn. And none of those who came from Brooklyn and knew Micky and knew how he was living-one day in good position and well dressed, next day on the streets and in rags-not one of these had the heart to tell Connal how matters really were. "Oh," they all said, "Micky is a grand fella, an' doin' fine." Connal's heart was always raised at hearing this and his joy rekindled. "I'll warrant Micky": and his joy rekindied. The warrant shieky sa gran' fella entirely," he would say, with a question in his tone. "Indeed, an' he is, a gran' fella, out an' out," the Yankee would reply. "An' doin' very fine—eh?" "Very fine entirely, Connal—very fine, indeed," "Til warrant ye—l'il warrant ye," reflectively, poking the floor with his stick.
"He's mindin' himself well, an' his religion." An' behavin' himself like he always knew

It was often trying on the questioned one to carry on the untruths-but there was no way out of it. "Yes, indeed, mindin his re-ligion an himself, an a moral (model) behavior." "Yis, yis, that's Micky-that's poor Micky. A very moral iv behavior, as you say. May God continue him so. What —what message did Micky sen' me?"
"Micky sayed, 'Give me poor father me love. Tell him keep up his heart; that I'm always thinkin' iv him, an' that when I've made everyth money he'll find money he'll. made enough money he'll find me steppin' over the threshel (threshold) in to him some day, a gran' jintleman." "Och, God Almighty bliss poor Micky. Scre. I knew well he wasn't forgettin' me. An' all along I always knew that he'd come home to me a jintleman—the jintleman he was cut out for. Every night does I go on me knees, I put up a prayer to God for poor Micky; an' every mornin' ever I rise I'm expectin' an' red to see Micky, a fine fintleman stop in to me. God Almighty bless ye,

And with every boy and girl who went away from parish Connal sent the word, "Tell our Micky that I'm doin' well, an' in gran' heart for hearin' all the fine rets entirely that comes home about him. Tell him I know he'll always continue the moral iv behavior he now is. Tell him I'm always waitin' for him. An ax him-ax him, may be some time he'd have a spare minute an' not, too throny, ax him if he could dhrop his father just wan line iv a letter—wan line; an' tell him, God bless him."

But Brooklyn could not support Micky forever in his thoughtless career. He went from bad to worse, till at length he was only too glad to avail himself of the offer of friends to subscribe and send him home of friends to subscribe and send him home to Ireland—friends who for kinship sake had come to be thoroughly ashamed of him, and friends who had a regard for him because of his father. So, over the water he was sent, his friends breathing a hearty thank God! when his ship steamed away

I never get new things to wear; I'm just a boy, you see.

"Sthranger, I beg yer pardon, but I was thinkin'. Take that sait." "I'm comin'— back from Ameriky," Micky said. "From Ameriky! Indeed, an' ye're welcome then, ceud failte," and he took Micky's hand and ceud failte." shook it heartily. "Sit down, man. Any wan from Ameriky is welcome here, for I have in that country a boy i' me own-a boy whose like ye wouldn't meet, an' thravel from here to there an' back again; on upon his little farm. Sadness was in his heart, but a buoyant hope also, which relieved the oppression. In a month, the same of the same of the prouding the same of the same of the prouding the same of the s heart, but a buoyant hope also, which relieved the oppression. In a month's time came a cheery letter from Micky, who had landed safely, and was going to do great landed safely, and was going to do great himself like a king's son. Would ye have Micky had had to lean his shoulder

against the brace, and had let his head drop. He said "No, no." pity ye didn't meet with poor Micky God's blissin' be about him! But sit, man, sit. Ye're far from strong lookin'. Ameri-ky didn't agree with ye, poor fella, or ye overwrought yerself. You're not from this neighborhood?"

"I'm not," Micky said quickly. "I'm from write. When he got a position he lost it again before he had saved money to send home, and then did not like to write. And after this varied luck continued for some time Micky was a demoralized boy and forgot to write.

But though Micky forgot his father, that

"I'm not," Micky said quickly. "I'm from the lower en' it Killaghtee. I'll not sit, I thank you for ye civility. I just stepped in for a dhrink, for I was feelin' dhrouthy."

"Poor fella, surely, surely," his father handed him a great bowl of milk. "Ye'll not move till ye ait, too," he said.

"I couldn't ait if ye paid me for it. I tuk a hearty male at Donegal. An' the dhrouth's left me, too," he said, leaving down the bowl of milk when he had put it to his lips.

"It's sorry I am that ye didn't meet our Micky. In throht an' it's him is ever glad to see anywan ever left the baronry. An' it's him makes much iv them. Ye would 'a' been proud iv Micky if ye had seen him. Them that comes home, that has seen Micky, they'd niver tire talkin' ly him, the grand fella entirely, an' credit to his father, that he is. An' he'd 'a' been sending such heartsome messages to me with ye. Och, God bliss Micky!" The Yankee was mov-God bliss Micky!" The Yankee was mov-ing very uneasily from one foot to another, but Connal stood between him and the door. "Poor Micky's doin' better than ever a boy wint out iv the parish afore or since— boy by the parish afore or since every man comes home tells me that. But he couldn't otherwise nor well, for he was the fond son iv his father. Micky, goin' away, saved he'd niver forget me, an' he niver did. An' I'm waltin' every day ever I rise, wantin' to see Micky, a jintleman from the crown iv his head to the sole iv his foot, come sthridin' in iv that doore with his two hands out to the father he niver for-got. An' afther that, any time God chooses to call Connal Brogan he'll die a happy man God Almighty bliss poor Micky!" In a thick voice and tremulous, Micky Brogan said, "Good night! Thanky!"

One night, some years after, a handsome elegantly dressed, sat him down beneath the Lazy Bush at the Poolby Cross, and was lost in thought for some time. He drew out a little bag, which opened on a running string, and looked at the little treasure of gold pieces that it held—and smiled. He put the bag into his pocket again, and, getting to his feet, pushed forward. He lifted the latch on Connal Brogan's door and strode in. There was a man dreaming by the fireside. The stran-ger said thickly, "Father!" and the old man bounded to his feet with a cry that almost seemed one of pain. The stranger had his arms extended. "Father!" he said. "Father! Micky has come home to you!" And when his father's gray head lay on his shoulder he said: "Father, I sayed I wouldn't forget!" "God's grace be on ye, Micky, mo paisdin! Sure, for wan short minute in all these twelve long years I niver doubted ye."

went hurriedly out into the darkness.

Little Willie.

From the Detroit Free Press.

They cut pa's trousers down for me; I don't get nuthin' new: I have to wear his old coats out, his old suspenders, His hats and shoes don't fit me, but s'pose they will some day.

And then they'll come to me instead of being thrown away.

My sister Grace is twenty-two,
And she can sing and play,
And what she wears is always new—
Not stuff that's thrown away!
She puts on style, I tell you what!
She dresses out of sight;
She's proud and haughty and she's got
A beau 'most every night.

from the New York docks.

When, under cover of night, Micky, having walked thus far from the port of Derry, ing walked thus far from the port of Derry, when we walked thus far from the port of Derry, ing walked thus far from the port of Derry, when we walked thus far from the port of Derry, ing walked thus far from the port of Derry, when we walked thus far from the port of Derry, ing walked thus far from the port of Derry, in the port

FIRST NIGHT OUT

TANTALAN TANDAN It Was Bridge Whist That Worked All the Mischief.

J. MATRIMONIAL BLISS AND MRS.

The Latter Tells Something of Over Long Honeymoons.

EVEN SWEETNESS FERMENTS

Thomas Honeymoon has been staying out ate without leave. Mrs. Matrimonial Bliss shrewdly guessed as much, when, in the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Honeymoon dropped in, ostensibly to borrow the pattern of a new circular flounced skirt; she lingered to have a cup of tea, and in the fullness of her heart spoke bitterly of the prevailing unreliability and heartlessness of masculine kind, and finally illustrated her point of view by revealing her little family skeleton, thinly disguised as the property of a nameless young friend.

"And she has not forgiven him yet, this maltreated little wife you speak of?" asked Mrs. Bliss, placidly spattering French knots on a blue taffeta front.

"No, and she never, never will," asserted Mrs. Honeymoon, stiff-neckedly, but with forlorn little gulp in her throat.

"They hardly speak, I suppose, except be-fore the servant; she does not call him any more by their favorite funny pet names, or

Mrs. Bliss, for your husband is different he would not drive you to the verge of despair and then come home and laugh at your fears and—" and here Mrs. Honey-

moon's throat got sadly out of order.

"Dear girl," laughed Mrs. Bliss comfortably, "when you and your proud young married friend have turned the fifth mile post on the matrimonial turnpike as I have you will realize that a husband is not utterly wrecked by an evening off now and then; that you can even piece out a great deal of happiness afterward, and that men have been behaving just like your friend's husband ever since poor dear Mother Eve's time. She no doubt in her sheepskin piegnoir sat far into the wee sma' hours by the tent flap waiting to put the screws on poor dear Father Adam, who had stopped out a little overtime to amuse himself with a few old cronies at some tempting prehistoric club.
"Of course, I know just how your friend

felt, because I had one who went through the same experience. Chronologically speaking her honeymoon was over, but she had liked it so much she begun a second series, resented callers in the evening, read deep, deep books to her dear boy, began to brush up her French verbs with him and fel. as sure of him as Mary did of her little lamb. She never considered that even a honeymoon, when kept over too long, will ferment just as other sweet things do, and that all this intellectual development and communion of soul was just a trifle hard on her man, who had been molling and toiling in the office all day and needed cheerful diversion in the evening. "Well, to make a long story short, the

natural consequences of the very unnatural methods she pursued came promptly about. One early spring evening the fritters he loved best and the kidney stew he had vants and ate about as much dinner as would maintain a humming bird in robust health, and then she went and sat by the front parlor window and watched. She rang up the office early in the evening, but he had left there some time before, called out on business, the clerk told her At half-past 10 o'clock, when no telegram or messenger boy had come, and the serwants had all gone to bed and she had wept two of her best large satin-covered down pillows into a state of disuse, all my friend desired was the privilege of doing proper honor to her dear boy's remains. She knew he was dead and at 11 o'clock she rose up in cold despair and went out bareheaded into the street to alarm her nearest neighbor and enlist his service in gathering up the sacred bones of her

"As it happened her nearest neighbor, who was an acquaintance, was the genial as to the careful treatment of babies, those bachelor who had given her husband away of Japan would seem to have a hard time, at the altar. As she pattered down the street, drizzling heavily into her handkerchief at every step, she saw that the bachelor's windows on the second floor of the apartment house were open and Eluminated, and there, sitting shamelessly with proved things, while the Japanese baby his profile to the outer darkness, was her husband! Unmistakably he held a good bridge whist hand, for his expression cheerful, and four other men were sharing

"In an instant the broken-hearted widow became a goddess of wrath, and she stalk-ed back home revolving some very telling remarks suitable for launching at the culprit's head, as soon as he should awaken to a sense of his home duties. She did think out as fine a line of reproaches as the injured feelings of a young wife can invent. Every reproach was guaranteed to leave a sharp little sting, too, when the church clock rang the half hour and up the silent street she heard a familiar step and a cheerful low whistling.

"Then it flashed upon her that not since she had inaugurated the second honeymoon had his step seemed so light or his whistle so gay, and, with the delightful inconsist-ency and uncertainty of action and devosex, she fell upon his bosom and reproach-

"Yes, Mrs. Honeymoon, that is just what she did, and it was a stroke of genius. She crepe of the brightest and gayest design assured him with tears that she was all to and color. In winter the small head is blame. She had made his home dull, his evenings long, excluded his friends and pastimes, and in consequence she wanted a round face which has the most exquisite to die begging his forgiveness. the righteous denunciations and bitter ac-cusations she had thought out at first touched, melted and conquered him like "The poor dear man was so remorseful

that he heaped every species of abuse upon himself. His ignominy, however, was com-plete, when, in trying to explain, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out the tele-gram he had forgotten to send her.

"He looked rather overcome when she said at any rate the telegram showed his thoughts had been in the right direction and that she would like to read it. He handed it over and she read. 'Don't wait dinner, awfully sorry, Jones' famous trot-ter has stone in foot, promised to help him get it out. Explain later, probably save Jones thousands.'

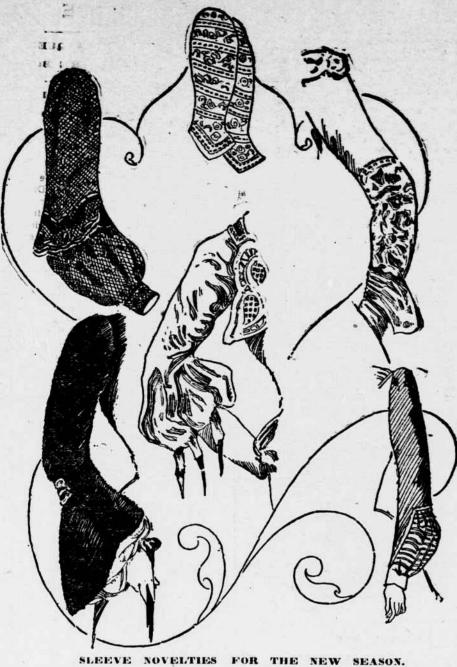
Mrs. Honeymoon laughed shakily "and she didn't grow angry at that?"
"She laughed," answered Mrs. Bliss, "an he called her an angel and the next day some of the thousands that he failed to save for poor Jones went into a particularly pretty brooch for the tactful wife, and ever since that time the deep, deep books have accumulated dust on my friend's top shelf; French verbs lie unconjugated, and not only has that house become an emi-nently cheerful friendly home, but that deep wife has learned herself to play

"Now and then at long intervals her hus-band says, when he puts on his overcoat after dinner, 'I am going to take a stone out of the foot of Jones' horse and perhaps I shall be a little late, dear, don't wait up,' and the joke is considered just as good as

"So you think my friend ought to for-give," meekly asked Mrs. Honeymoon, fas-tening her fur boa and looking greatly "By all means," assented Mrs. Bliss, with a hearty kiss, "and tell her from me that the old adage, 'spare the apron string and spoil the husband,' does not hold good in

our day.' Glace Silk.

Glace silk in infinitesimal tucks, although in evidence for smart blouses and after-



FASHIONABLE SLEEVES ferrets just below the curve of the elbow.

This typefies, the ultra-fashionable arm decoration for the ultra smart spring frock. SLASHINGS AND PUFFINGS AND BUCKLES GALORE.

Ultra Styles Have Them All and Even More Fixings-The Floor-Sweeping Angel.

Written for The Evening Star.

The long tight sleeve, technically known in dress making circles as the Desdemona, will play no part at all in the architecture of the new spring gowns. The show windows are already gay with spring dress patterns and designs for their making, and the full elbowed, baggy wristed. Bishop or 1860, or Eugenie sleeves, as you may prefer to call them, cover the arms of every fashion plate figure. It is no exaggeration to say that hardly

two pair of sleeves will be alike, and that there is every prospect that the floor sweeping angel sleeve, worn some thirty-odd years ago, will be soon engaging our fancy. Just now a good big pouch below the elbow is what we all want and the more puffs and lace applications and tuckings, and unexpected bunches of chiffon, and buckles, more to be commended than the our arms in the better satisfied we all are.

and bebe ribbon we can contrive to array ones on a reception gown of black chenille often praised stood smoking on the table, on the head of the house, oh, where was he? Let us draw a veil partially over the sufferings of that well-meaning young wife.

Six styles of sleeves are sketched in an accompanying group to show how wide the differences in our arm coverings are. One, sufferings of that well-meaning young wife.

Six styles of sleeves are sketched in an accompanying group to show how wide the differences in our arm coverings are. One, sufferings of that well-meaning young wife. sleeve ending with ribbon ends and gilt sion of what the Eugenie should be.

> PUT TO BED AND DRESSED IN A FRIGID TEMPERATURE.

Yet No Fatter or Healthier Infants Can Be Seen the World Over.

According to our modern scientific ideas

as to the careful treatment of babies, those and yet there are no healthier nor fatter looking little mortals on the face of the earth. We insist on a axed temperature, on sterilized milk, and all sorts of imgets a good dose of Nature, and seems to thrive on it. It is dressed and undressed in a frigld temperature in winter, and in summer its tender little eyes are always exposed to the full glare of the sun as it is carried on its mother's back. It is to be feared, however, that this latter treatment often does affect the eyes of the children, though they get over it later in life.

The Japanese are a very cleanly race in all main particulars, but these do not always embrace the little baby faces, which are sometimes quite smutty. This suits the baby all right, in fact, any baby would tell you that it was far more humane than that compulsory treatment unsolicited soap and water! Perhaps this is the reason that the Japanese babies are said never to cry. Such a statement is an exaggeration of the truth; while they are good-natured above the average, they can bawl as loudly as

any one when occasion demands.

It would be impossible to and a more fascinating sight that a clean Japanese baby in its fresh robes. These are made of covered with a worsted cap of the same shades. The bright black eyes look out of coloring of brown and deep red, and the black hair is cut in all sorts of fantastic ways, just like the hair of the Japanese dolls imported into this country. The whole family take the deepest pride in the baby, and especially the father and mother, who are often foolishly indulgent. Some parents seem incapable of denying their chil-dren anything, and many is the household entirely ruled by a small tyrant of a girl or boy. In this way there are often spoiled

children in Japan. The babies of the lower classes are generally carrie. The back of the mother or little sister, sometimes the small brother is obliged to be the nursery maid. The "kimono" is made extra large at the back, with a pocket large enough to slip the baby in, and its round head reaches the back of the neck of the person who is carrying it.

It is not an uncommon sight to see children who are barely old enough to toddle or sister sleeping peacefully on their backs or sister sleeping peacertary on their backs. At first you open your eyes in horror, and expect to see the small one stagger and fall beneath the weight, but apparently none of its movements are impeded, and it plays with the other children as unconcernedly as if not loaded down with another member of the family.

At Nagasaki, among the women coalers

who coal the ship, you see many with ba-bies on their backs in this way. The mothers work all day in the rain, or the sun, or the snow, and their baby sleeps insun, or the show, and their baby sleeps in-different to everything, the top of its head aione visible, while the movements of the mother do not seem in the least hindered, and she accomplishes as much work as the men. It seems as if the bables of this class were born stoics. ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN.

For White Hands.

Cleanliness is the first essential, and therefore when rough work has to be done it is well, if possible, to put on gloves. Prevention is better than cure; and as nothing spoils the hands like getting them grimed this should be avoided as far as

Aiready the dressmakers are sharpening up their needles and scissors for the fresh veiltheir needles and scissors for the fresh veil-ings and delicate twilled cloth, and some of them build a long close sleeve caught just below the turn of the elbow with a fancy buckle, which marks the point whereat the lewer half of the arm covering flares. The enormously broad cuff extends well over the wrist, but beneath it peeps the cloudy fullness of a silk muslin or lawn under sleeve. Buckled sleeves promise to be one of the chief features of the fancy cloth coats

worn through March and April, while members of the slik trimmed cashmeres will have odd puffs of taffeta ballooning below the elbow from the outside of the sleeve proper. At the shops quaint little old-fashioned slip under sleeves, of thread lace into which bebe ribbon is woven, have been on sale ever since the Christmas hollday and most of these are made to hug the fore arm closely with pointed cuffs to fal upon the wrist. When a dressmaker sets out to make a rarely lovely calyx green cloth or gray creped voile for a spring trousseau she decks the sleeve wondrously. A sketch is

given of the arm of a beautiful cloth suit in the wardrobe of a February bride. This is of the new calyx green and the sleeve takes the arm closely from shoulder to elbow. On the shoulder a cap of deep ecru Venetian tape lace is set and the same lace wraps the arm from the elbows to the tucked puff of green chiffon that swather the wrist. A model sleeve this is, but not

HARDY JAPANESE BABIES roughen them dreadfully. Instead, take some vaseline, lard or oil and rub it into the hands, and then wash them thoroughly with a good toilet soap and a piece of flannel in warm water. The flannel will soon clean them and without injuring the

skin in any way. It is far better than a nailbrush for ordinary use, and, if used regularly, a nailbrush will be found almost if not entirely superfluous. That is a thing o be remembered, for the use of a brush

roughens the finger tips and nails and makes them more liable to become soiled than they need be. Perfuming Gloves.

To perfume your gloves mix well to gether half an ounce of essence of roses a drachm each of oil of cloves and mace and a quarter of an ounce of frankincense. Place this in tissue paper and lay it between the gloves.

A MODERN MIRACLE Case of Locomotor Ataxia Cured Near Chicago.

VICTIM LOST THE SIGHT OF ONE EYE AND WAS UNABLE TO WALK-VISION RESTORED AND THE USE OF LIMBS REGAINED. A SWORN STATEMENT.

Many will remember the excitement that attend ed the first cure of a case of genuine locomoto ataxia, which occurred at Hamilton, Ont., some years ago. This became known as the Hamilton Miracle, and attracted widespread attention. It has now been positively proven that a case of this extreme nervous disorder has been cured near Chicago by the same remedy that effected the Hamilton Miracle and that has cured hundreds of other cases throughout the country. This most recen cure was that of Samuel Curnock of 62 Twenty-sec ond avenue, Melrose Park, Ill. He was born in England less than 37 years ago, and before coming to this country lived in Ireland and the Jersey Isl ands. The story of his miraculous cure is best told in his own words. He says:

"Early in 1898 I began to experience a worn-out feeling and noticed that I became tired after very slight exertion. I continued at my work in the machine shop until July 2, 1898, when I suffered trouble locomotor ataxia. He treated me for four nonths, and there was no improvement in my condition. I was told that my case was incurable, and that I would continue to grow worse until death relieved me. I was not confined to my bed, although I spent much of my time lying down, and was entirely unable to work. I could hardly stand; it seemed as if my legs would give out from under ne, and my movements were like those of a drunken man. A cold numbness came in my right side, and I lost the strength of my right arm. Then my eyes began to blur so that I could see nothing distinctly, and in a short time I became totally blind in my right eye.

"Last December an account appeared in the Glasgow Weekly Mail, a Scotch newspaper, of a cure in a case similar to mine which was effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was so impressed by the account that I began taking red that I determined to persist in the treat ment. At the end of the second month I was able to return to my work, and have not lost a day on account of illness since that time. Since I began taking the pills I have gained 30 pounds in weight

fully restored
"I firmly believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Fills for Pale People saved my life and enabled me to again earn my livelihood, and I can recommend them to any one suffering with locomotor ataxia or any other severe nervous disorder, even if proounced incurable, as I was.

SAMUEL CURNOCK. Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day ADAM DAVISON, of August, 1900. Police Magistrate (Seal.) All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Willfailing specific for such diseases as locomoto ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale Glace silk in infinitesimal tucks, although not very satisfactory wear, is very much in evidence for smart blouses and aftersible to wear gloves for dirty work, so for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be

The Light-Weight Gowns Now Being Made Up.

EVEN FRIVOLOUS FABRICS FOR JUNE

New Velveteens and Other Weaves

That Attract.

LONG COATS IN TAFFETA

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. NEW YORK, January 10, 1901. Among the pretty straws that show which way the wind of fashion will blow for next spring and summer, we wish to record the promise, almost the certainty, that with light-weight cloth skirts the proper waist is one of taffeta, mandarin crepe, or thick satin-finished foulard in a solid color that exactly matches the skirt. The waist can be upholstered with cloth taken from the goods of which the skirt is made, or lace will do as well, and to crystallize a mental picture of this a tangible picture of the very

newest creation is given. The skirt in this instance is of satin-faced cashmere of an alluring tinge called creamed coffee, because it is of that pale golden tan that good coffee takes when dashed with genuine country cream. Stitchings and straps and buttons of gold-colored slik give a delicate and sparkling effect of decoration to the simple skirt. The waist, which buttons up in the rear and which is tucked in tiny upstanding tucks from the neck to within a few inches of the waist line, is made of creamed coffee-colored man-



ble spring suit. A Spring Velveteen.

Before the raw blasts of March and on into the first bright cynical days of April it would be good to wear such a gown as has been planned and sketched for a slim debutante who knows the value of pretty clothes. This is a figured spring velveteen in tapestry blue of two shades. Velveteen we wore rejoicing all winter, and for the lighter weather has been introduced a very much lighter weight that takes the mois-



Dress of Organdy or Lawn.

ture like a duck and sheds the dust like slate roof. The figured portion of the suit referred to is the skirt and front and collar of the captivating tailed jacket. Scrolls and dashes and dots of dull blue on a smoky blue ground is what the brighter portion shows, while the deep footband of from a fall, and after that time grew rapidly the skirt, the sleeves and body of the coat worse. A physician was called and pronounced my the coat and the top of the skirt's border



re pleasantly diversified by a band of solid moke-blue cloth, upon which rows of dull blue soutache are laid and the hat of blue elt rolls up at one side to show against the hair a knot of radiantly pink roses.

A Summer Combination. It is no unwarranted daring to discuss

SPRING FASHIONS two at least of the sweetest models are like. Muslin and very thin, very glace taffeta is going to be the most modish combination, and one of these illustrated prophecies shows how the alliance is effected. Primarily, a glittering white taffeta under slip is used, and on this is cast a veil of al-ternating bands of sheer embroidered or-gandy and tucked organdy. Four strips of taffeta extending from the waist down hold the skirt width of muslin together, and serve also in some sort as extra support for the six bouffante frills of taffeta that flower out from below the knees. The waist of this gown is all made of tucked and embroidered organdy with taffeta rising to the surface at throat and waists, and over the bust, at which point two tasseled scarfs hold the muslin fronts together upon the tucked velvet.

For a Bridesmaid.

A fitting companion to this robe fit for a bridesmald is a sweet little gown of pearl pink wool illusion. Light of weight and mesh as a Shetland shawl is this new goods that must be made up on very crisp taffeta, and which is heralded as the substitute for the voils we wore last summer. Pale llly stalk green silk is the color under the rosy cloud of wool, and the skirt is caught in



widely spaced clusters of tucks to the knees. Two bands of ecru guipure measure the slimness of the hips, while a piquant and irresponsible little bow of opalescent green and white and rose taffeta is fastened to the fullness of the jupe just below the left knee. Over the plain high girdled body of illusion a bolero of eeru gutpure is drawn, and opalescent taffeta, striped with green bebe ribbon, forms the high girdle, collar and cuffs.

Taffeta Long Coats.

If any one wishes to know the news as to spring wraps let it be understood that taffeta long coats will be absolutely the rage. At this very moment the leaders of fashlon are wearing tan, dull green, Goblin blue, and in their carriages soft creise taffeta coats that drop to their heels, have yokes, collars and stole fronts of heavy renais-



Carriage Cloak for Envelope Wear

sance or Russian lace, jabots of chiffon and fox talls and bordering on fox fur. Later in the year the fur will be ripped off and a feather trimming put in its place, but the narrow-skirted trailing silk wrap will re-main in active service for calling, for driving and for the opera. A few of the silk paletots were lined with light fur that can be easily removed when the softer weather

Supple Effects in Furs.

It is truly wonderful to see what light, soft effects are obtained with furs nowadays. A pretty garment is a short bolero of seal, quite open in front, rounded off in two small revers, which circle the low cut neck in the back with two shallow capes. It discloses in front and several inches above the belt in the back a blouse of ermine. From out of the pagoda sleeve of seal comes an undersleeve of ermine. The collar and belt are of turquoise velvet, crushed and drawn tight, and the little cuff band holding in the ermine undersleeve consists of two narrow gold ribbons embroidered in turquoises, with a bit of turquoise

velvet showing between them.

Another striking bolero was of very close and flat white caracal, opening upon a waistcoat of nile green panne, so completely braided over in narrow black and gold braids as to show the green shimmer only here and there. The somewhat vulgarized fox seems to hold its own. The rare black, the silver, the blue, are everywhere in stacks. The pure white appears as a lovely, soft trimming on those opera cloaks that are made entirely of some flat, white fur. On a long redingote of white caracal, wonderfully silky and as flat as a thick moire, it adds a snowy and lovely softness as the wide edge of the broad, opened sleeve and at the high, rolling collar, as caressing to the cheek as a powder puff. With the two heads crossed at the back of the collar, it encircles the neck and falls as a boa the whole length of the garment

To Make a Simple Ribbon Adornment. Ribbons are much in vogue this year, and there are twenty shades today to choose from where there was one twenty years ago. This inexpensive yet charming adornment is Dame Fashion's mercy to the woman of small income at a period of elaborate and extravagant dressing. If a severe effect is required, fold a length of black satin ribbon twice around the throat, slip the ends through a ring, then bring them loosely to the waist with knot or ring and around the welst, tying them at the back with a small, flat bow.

Salted almonds should be placed on the table at the beginning of the dinner and served with the crackers and cheese.

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